



These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with these I mean to live.

ADDRESS TO MY MORN.

What leads me on where'er I go,
In sun and shade, in joy and woe,
Though fog and tempest, rain and snow?

My Morn.

In youth's most ardent, reckless day,
And when some dimples at play,
Would be foremost in the fray?

My Morn.

And should my tongue ride blithe provoke,
What would prudish and brach each stroke,
Till coral stuns its pains awoke?

My Morn.

And falling in an airy bough,
In chase of some new charms or sound,
To save me—what chance to round?

My Morn.

When some dark gnat I could explore,
With neither shun nor shew open—
What left off for me hard won?

My Morn.

And violet banks and woodland bower,
And woods were adorned the fairest flowers,
What did me with their fragrant bower?

My Morn.

Each eye may need in age a guide,
And when young helpmates I provide,
Thy bark shall lead me to food moist.

My Morn.

And can I ever in care or glee
Forget my aid or love to thee,
Who thus has fed and fed for me?

My Morn.

Now when cold winter's winds blow high
And these lie hard, and then slant cry,
They turn with ev'ry blast.

My Morn.

And if the snuff cold love shall come,
Thy leaves my finger and my thumb,
Shall faithful be, and bear these some.

My Morn.

So, as I follow these along,
Old may's then never lead me wrong,
But these buds our sleeping song.

My Morn.

THE USEFUL DOCTOR.

John's wife was one day taken bad,
Oh! what a fit!—she was dead,
Oh! what a fit!—she was dead, in vain.

Quickly the doctor then he sought,
To find the cause of all this woe.

First feed his reverence as he ought.

Then told his doleful case.

Old Gates having seen the wife,
Then spoke with some regret,
"All is not well with these fews of life,
So bring another home."

"Thanks, thanks, good doctor," John replied.

"I'll follow your advice."

"I'll bring another home, and employ'd
You'll kill her in a trice."

Well, let the world say what you please,
You've only got my pain;

Your physician's could the cause to cease,

But me if I complain."

The post master at Carlisle, advertises a letter with the following superscription:

"A young man, a laborer man,

"Who since made as well as any man,

"This letter is to you with many thanks,

"To Carlisle Post Office in Pennsylvania."

A pure paper relates as a fact, that two students of Berlin, aged 64 years, and Susan Thompson, aged 22, were married in Carlisle, and were then bound for the West India station, and whilst there found her entire regency three times, and acquired the appellation of the "Grecian Queen."

A young woman having made a speech which she had to have very coldly remarked, "Your young man! he has studied the living Phillips."

It is now known that she was not only uneducated, but had been entirely uneducated, *ad extra mores*.

A respectable son, living in Buxton, England, received a note of which the following is a copy:—

"Dear Father, I am a son of a newspaper, to save me from being sent to India, I am—thus interpreted."

A French writer observes that those who depend on the more of their ancestors may be said to be of the tree from which the branches ought to proceed.

MARRIED at Houghton-le-spring, W. H. BURKE, Esq., to Caroline Jane, youngest daughter of the Rev. Allen, Esq.

"The best," said Jane, "so when I wed

"I marry but to Ester."

Philosophers tell us that the motion of the sun is equal to seventeen miles in a second; so the sun is now several miles behind the earth, without catching cold. Five weeks experience has induced certain people to doubt the assumption. They tell us also, that the earth is two million miles behind the sun in winter than in summer. It may be true, but it is not true that the sun must be heated with oak and hickory in summer, and antrachite in the winter.

Some unmerciful culprits lately broke gal in Jefferson county, Ohio, and absconded without awaiting the due course of law. Mr. Justice Ferguson in the commonwealth's name, directs the sheriffs and other law officers to hunt up the offenders, and the law offers suitable rewards for their apprehension. One man is described as "rather a handsome little man—one of the great Smith family; another is said to be pick-pocketed and cross-eyed; having sunburnt hair, and a pale face; if it had not been comb'd for the last time, he would be a most singular character." Another is described as "a man of medium size, with a great head, and a very large nose; he has a very large mouth, and a small chin; his eyes are small, and his ears large."

Connecticut folks has not done inventing new "notions" for trade. The latest invention appears to be blackball made of wood-wood and nicely shaped and painted. It is thought this will be a great success, as wooden notches, wedge and cuneiform seem to be out of the market. What is the price of wood in Connecticut? If it is as high as it is here, speculators in either of the above named articles must be on the side of the purchase.

A book might be, and probably enough, will be made with anecdotes of the late Stephen Girard. He has left the millions, the interest of which, a *plutocrat* pension for a public school. The management is exclusively confided to *laissez-faire*. Once on a time, it is said, applied to him to assist in building a new church in Philadelphia, McCleod, what is that?—"I am from *Methodist*," that is good; I am from *Methodist*. Shortly after, the Minister of a new church of another denomination, Dr. —, also called Mr. —, handed him a check of \$500. The Rev. Doctor —, who had been his servant, that should he have known *Papa* was a great poet by the very shape, for it was in and out like the lines of a *Pindar* ode.

The captain of a privateer, writing to his owners an account of an engagement, felicitating them on the general safety of his crew, having had one of his *hands* shot through in the matter of the capture.

The following is a *verbis et literatis* copy of the superscription of a letter which passed through the Boston (Lincolnshire) Post Office recently.—"For the curtail that goes lower than the line of a *Pindar* ode."

The greatest things and the most praiseworthy that can be done for the public good are not what require great parts, but great honesty; therefore for a king to make an amiable character, he needs only to be a man of common honesty, well advised.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—At the fair of Charlton, Kent, in 1830, we saw a man on a three-flap harness to a carriage in the form of an omnibus, at least 50 times there own bulk, which they pulled along with ease; another pair drew a chariot, and a single flea a brass cannon! The exhibition showed the whole, first through a magnifying glass, and then to the naked eye, so that we were satisfied there was no deception. *Insect Miscellanies.*



NATURAL HISTORY.

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THE EGRIT.

Asyla Garret, Linæ.—Excret, Buff.

The Egrit is one of the smallest, as well as the most elegant of the Heron tribe; its shape is delicate, and its plumage as white as snow; but what constitutes its principal beauty are the soft, silvery, downy plumes on the head, breast, and shoulders. They consist of a single, long, slender, dark, set of hairs, fine and thread-like, which float on the slightest breath of air. Those which arise from the shoulders are extended over the back, and flow beyond the tail. These plumes were formerly used to decorate the helmets of the nobility, and to give them a more becoming and better purpose, in ornamenting the head-dresses of European ladies, and the turbans of the Persians and Turks.

The Egrit seldom exceeds a pound and a half in weight, and is about half a foot in length. A long, slender neck is extended from the beak to the head, the sides of which are pale yellow; the bill and legs are black. Like the common Heron they perch and build their nests on trees, and live on the same kinds of food.

The Egrit is a bird of prey, and was formerly used to hunt up the small birds which it feeds on. It is a very bold and fierce bird, and would have been a most useful companion to the hunter, had it not been that it was a very timid bird, and would have been easily frightened by the noise of a gun.

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